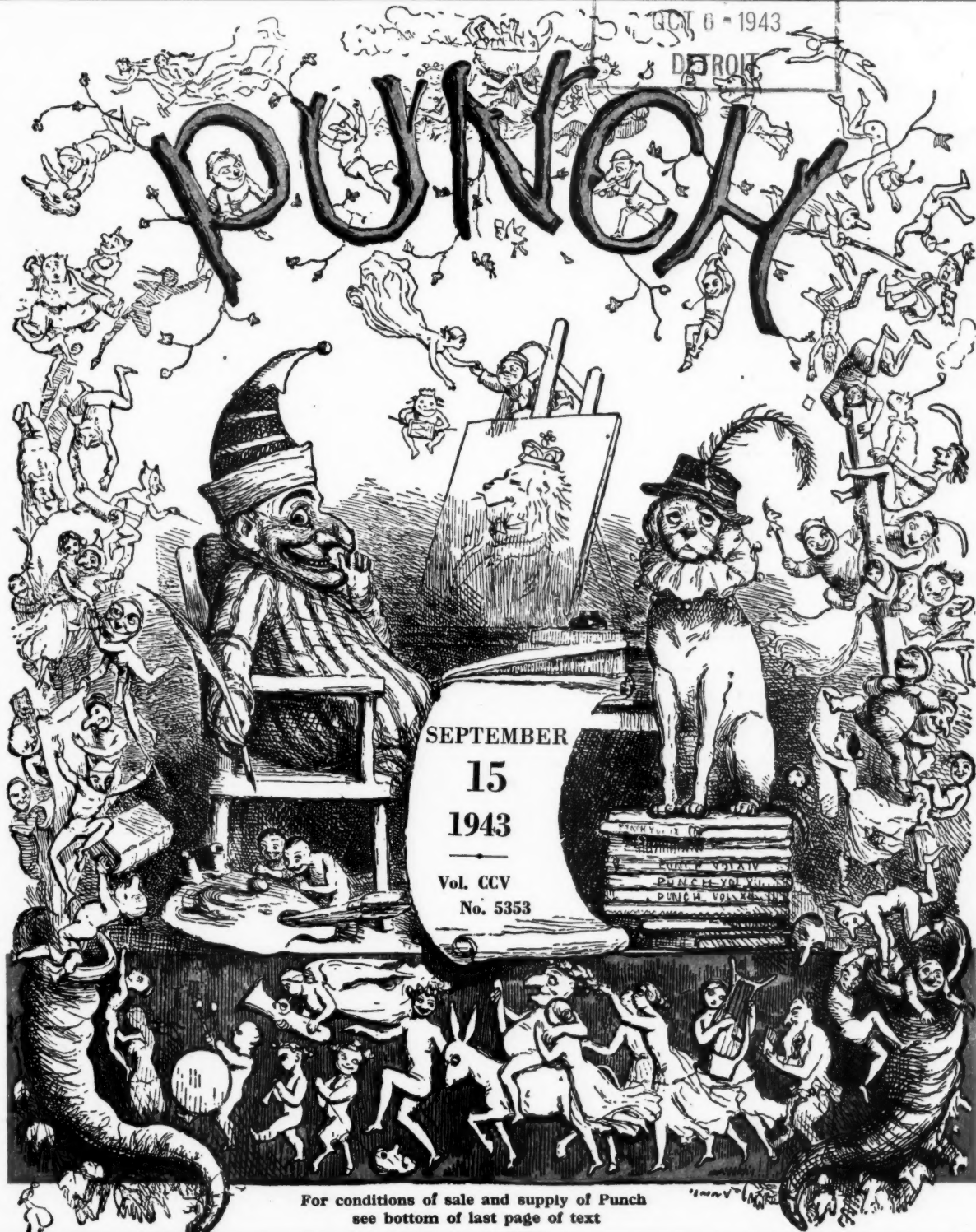


★ Remember **CADBURY** means quality



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text

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## No Plan

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Simmonds AEROCESSORIES speed up manufacture, simplify assembly and save both material and manpower. But they cannot do their best work if they are brought in belatedly, as an afterthought. To contribute most to the products, they must first figure in the plan.

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Remember your Wright's  
*(the elephant never forgets)*



## Wright's Coal Tar Soap

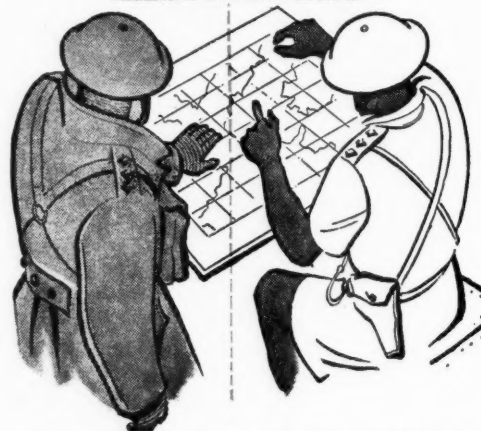
For over three-quarters of a century Wright's Coal Tar Soap has remained the favourite soap for family use and in nurseries and schools



Today its cleansing and protective properties are also specially appreciated by members of the forces on service at home or abroad

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— same shirt

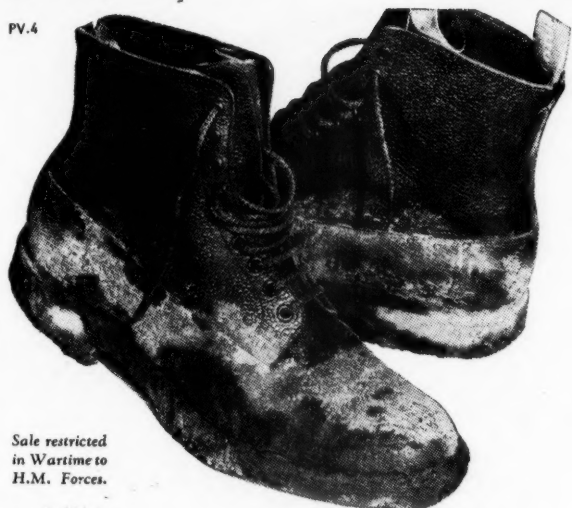


An officer off to goodness knows where, wants shirts that are at home anywhere on the map, that are nicely adaptable to all changes of climate. He wants shirts that can rough it when he has to, that are not afraid of the wash, and keep their regulation cut and colour. He wants, in fact, 'Viyella' Service Shirts. For H.M. Forces only. In correct Service colours — white, khaki and Air Force blue.



## 'Viyella' SERVICE SHIRTS

PV.4



*Sale restricted  
in Wartime to  
H.M. Forces.*

21/5/41.

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# LOTUS

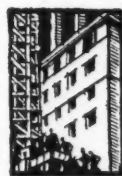
## Veldtschoen

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Though K.L.G. Plugs have never been content to rest on their laurels the increasing momentum of war demands upon them has speeded up technical development more than ever. We are keeping pace with the vital needs of the Services and whatever calls are made upon them K.L.G. Plugs will continue to give exemplary service. This unstinted development will in the days of peace be of very real value to all users of petrol engines.

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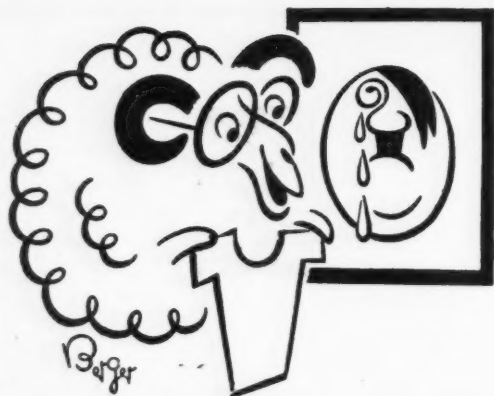


# Canadian Pacific

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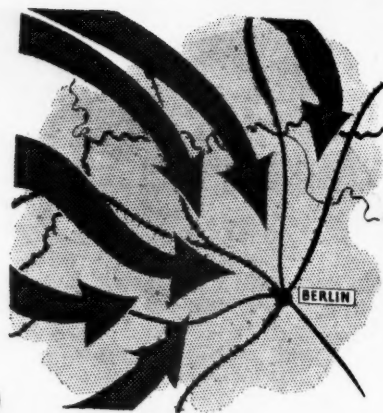




"If Goebbels heard," Matilda said,  
"About these slip-on vests,  
He'd set old Haw-Haw on to you  
To stick to buttoned chests.

So conquer your dislike of change  
In slip-on vests feel grander!  
If you would cook old Hitler's goose  
Then heed this propaganda!"

*Wolsey*



## A WAR OF MOVEMENT

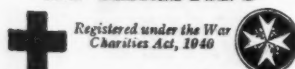
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AT CHRISTIE'S**



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*Beechams Pills  
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**syringe**

**to do**

**with paint?**



In days when seaside holidays are almost taboo, to talk of sea-bathing sounds a little out of place. Certain Robbialac paints, varnishes and enamels, however, enjoy a dip—in spite of beach restrictions. They are submerged in sea water or sprayed with jets of sea mist. It's just one of the rigorous tests these Robbialac finishes have to undergo to ensure that they really do "like to be beside the seaside." In these troubled times these brine-tested products of the Robbialac laboratories are used extensively for protecting seaplanes, mines and ships of all kinds, and for the maintenance of dock and harbour installations. In peacetime you will find them in demand for seaside decorations, for painting pleasure craft and for all kinds of marine work. When you can buy paints freely again, always specify Robbialac—and you will be sure of finishes worth their salt.

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**FOR OUR  
THROAT'S SAKE**

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**Gillette is called up.** No more deferments for the Blue and Thin Gillette or 7 o'clock blades. As stocks run out they must get into battledress as Gillette "Standard" Blades, but they'll still give you the finest shave you can buy.

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# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCV No. 5353

September 15 1943

## Charivaria

A COUNTRY reader tells us he recently tried horseback as a means of transporting himself to and from the office, but without success. Apparently he found he couldn't guarantee himself a seat.

A naturalist points out that bees often swarm on apple trees at this time of the year. Boys regard this as very feeble propaganda.

### The Cynic

According to a Nazi broadcaster German troops on the Eastern Front do physical training every morning. A new exercise is the Dnieper Bend.

"The other presents were: The Rev. and Mrs. R. —, cheque; Mrs. E. G. —, cheque; Miss E. —, cheque; Miss J. —, waste paper basket . . ."—*Local Paper*.



We notice that in spite of the increased black-out hours the evening papers aren't published any earlier in the mornings.

Christmas is coming. It will be the fourth one on which Hitler hasn't broadcast from Buckingham Palace.

A novelist says that when writing he is kept company by his white cat with black spots. We know those obstinate fountain pens.

A women's organization in America demands the prohibition of alcohol as a beverage. It will be remembered that the U.S. didn't give this a trial once before.



"The Fuehrer has always been thorough," says a German broadcaster. We hope he keeps it up and makes his exit in the thorough manner of Boris rather than that of Benito.

Postmen have been put on the priority list for alarm clocks. It appears that many members of the public have been complaining of delayed income-tax demands.

Cricketers are beginning to wonder how soon after a European armistice Test matches could be resumed. Well, there is still Japan; we can hardly expect Australia to fight a war on two fronts.

A new dramatist had his first play staged in a suburban theatre. This was wise. Ultimately there will be an excellent chance of its being produced in the West End as a revival.

### Erring on the Right Side

"The production of children's leather footwear has for some months been at the rate of 30 million pairs a year per child."—*Northern Paper*.

A Nazi broadcaster claims that German synthetic rubber plants are the most successful in the world. Well, they'll need all they can get if that elastic defence is to be stretched much further.



"For some time Berchtesgaden has been the Fuehrer's Eastern Front headquarters," says a neutral writer. Well, it must be admitted that Berchtesgaden is nearer the Eastern Front than it was.

A bus-conductress suggests it is quite easy to disillusion impressionable male passengers by concentrating strictly on business. Romeo, Romeo, where for art thou, Romeo?



## Basic Wins.

THIS is a happy day for me. For I learn that the Government of this country has been moved at last by my prayers to espouse the cause of Basic English. If any man has fought long and hard for Basic English, it is I. Many have written *about* it. I have written *in* it. Not once but twice, and the labour was a labour of love.

On July 9th 1941 I see that I said "Sometimes it makes what is written more beautiful, sometimes less beautiful; sometimes it makes what is written more long, sometimes more short. But it never makes the sense of what is written more hard to know. Thus if you wish to say in Basic English 'he is a bloodthirsty guttersnipe' you can say bloodthirsty because both blood and thirsty are Basic English words, but you cannot say guttersnipe because there is no word for gutter and no word for snipe. You must say 'He is a bloodthirsty kind of bird which lives in the most dirty part of the street.' This is long but plain. You cannot say 'since the recent institution of egg (fish) control there has been an increasing shortage of eggs (fish), but you can say 'because eggs (fish) are governed, there are no eggs (fish).' This is short and plain."

And only two months ago I see that I said (having apparently got hold of another list of Basic English words) "But it be a very beautiful language. The earth will have great pleasure in Basic English when the war be over and the peoples of all the nations can make the sword turn to a plough and the engines of destruction give place to the ornaments of order and quiet living . . . and when a chance comes again to have pins and pockets, and sponges and shirts, and curtains, and fish, and drawers, and comfort, and soap, and cheese."

And in another part of the same piece of writing I said "Then all men in the earth will be able to make statements in the English tongue and have love for England. . . ."

I have fought and triumphed. The Prime Minister has announced from Harvard University that a Cabinet Committee has been appointed to investigate Basic English. Mr. Amery will preside. The President of the Board of Education will assist him. I shall be happy to give evidence if I am required. Until then, I can sit back and rest upon my spurs.

But I must give to the Government a warning. The Esperantists are after them. They are hot on the trail. They ride early and late. Between the wilder elements in the Basic English party, and the hot-heads in the Esperanto group there is battle royal. If you see two men enter a club in Pall Mall, and scowl darkly at one another, and go to opposite ends of the room, you may be very sure that one of them is a Basicitian and the other an Esperantovite.

*I have a dream of Esperanto men  
With bayonet and bomb, with knives and fists  
With pamphlet, notebook, circular and pen  
Fighting infuriated Basicists.*

See what the Esperantotes have written to me in a little brochure of their own about Basic English.

"Most names of animals, plants, foods, scientific terms, and of bygone or imaginary things (e.g., lion, duck, rose, pork, crystal, castle, fairy) have no place in the Basic list. The unhappy student wishing to order roast pigeon may perhaps ask for bird that Noah sent out to see if there was land cooked by open fire (in oven). The Esperanto *rostita kolombo* seems preferable."

And it may possibly be true that in this one instance

the Esperantonians are right. The victorious Allied armies marching through Italy might find on reaching (say) Venice that it was easier to obtain this particular meal from the smiling inhabitants, by roaring "*Rostita Colombo*," than by bellowing that bit about the Ark. But they do not convince me, these Esperantines with their concern for the unhappy student and his needs. "To express the idea of a syringe" they continue, "he may use a definition: *pipe with nose-bit and push-pull apparatus into which liquid is got by using air-power, to be sent out in a thin line . . . or perhaps shorten this into water-forcing apparatus (with bulb).*" But what is the Esperanto for this strange instrument? *Stirrumpompo*, by any chance? They do not say.

Turning to animals they point out in tones of withering contempt "Thus for 'frog' we may say *rana* and for 'cormorant' *phalacrocorax*. The Basic list itself contains only four fruits, nine animals, three insects, one bird and no fish, flowers or trees at all."

Very likely. Yet is there not many an inn, auberge, estaminet, dive, snack-bar, caravanserai, and dāk bungalow between China and Peru where the shout "What ho, servitor! Bring me a *rostita phalacrocorax*!" would have no more immediate response than to cry "Fetch me a roasted blackbird that plunges from the high cliffs to catch and swallow the fishes of the sea"?

In short there is a lot of spade and hod work to be done in either language before the tower of Babel is built to the skies again. Nor am I greatly moved when the Esperantophiles (who seem to be almost entirely concerned with eating) go on to tell me:

"Wishing to order an *important meal of the day* (dinner) of fried sole, minced veal and onions, cabbage and gooseberry pie, the tourist may ask for *small flat fish with delicate taste, cooked with fat over the fire, young beef cut up very small with white roots that make eyes full of water, green plant food with round heart or head, and green-yellow berries with hairs on skins covered with paste.*"

I am not greatly moved, I said. But indeed I am. Note that by the very excess of their animosity the Esperantovites bewray themselves. Read carefully those words again. For sheer beauty that stirs the mind, that evokes images, that makes the pulse beat faster, I scarcely know a comparable sentence in the English tongue, be it Basic or no. It is a sentence that I mean to send echoing through the service hatch of my own Fleet Street hostelry the very next time I enter it hungry for the most *important meal of the day* (dinner). Framed carefully in bitter derision by the enemy it is a sentence that impels me to leap to the saddle again. Rest on my spurs I will not, nor shall the sword sleep in my hand until I have made Basic English the language of the whole wide world. Until Esperanto surrenders on its knees I shall continue to be the protagonist in this batrachomyomachy—even if in neither language is there a good single easy word for a batrachomyomachy.

EVOE.

“GERMANS REPLACE NICE GARRISON”

By a Nazi one?

Daily Telegraph Headline.

"A manhole cover was reported missing from Sukhlaji Street, Bombay, on Tuesday evening. It is believed to be a case of theft." Either that, or wanderlust.

Times of India.



WHERE THE SHADOWS MEET



"I'm not at all superstitious, actually—in fact I think 13's rather a lucky number."

### Telephone Conversation, 1943

**D**ARLING! How marvellous to hear your voice! Where have you been hiding? My dear, I've found one, I've found a woman! Yes, darling, really and truly. I'm so excited I scarcely know whether I'm standing on my head or my feet. If you only knew the relief, darling! No, not all day, darling, just a couple of hours in the mornings, to do the silver, and the kitchen and bathroom and things. You remember Sammy, darling, the American major we met the other night? Yes, well he introduced me to a brigadier, darling, and he, in turn, gave me a letter of introduction to a woman who is in charge of the cleaners at some branch of the War Office, my dear, so I went along and saw her, and she said that one of her cleaners knew of a woman whose sister *might* agree to come. Well,

of course, darling, I rushed madly down to Pimlico, where the woman lives, and she told me that her sister had just finished interviewing a queue as long as that one on the frieze thing at the bottom of the Albert Memorial, darling, so that was no good, and my heart absolutely *sank*, but—wait a minute, darling—she said that a cousin of hers, she just remembered, a cousin of hers in Northumberland had an aunt, or something, who had just moved back to London, but she didn't know her address. So I wired to the cousin, darling, and got the address of the aunt, and rushed *madly* down to Fulham Palace Road, and *got her*, my dear! Of course, she doesn't expect to do any washing-up or floor-scrubbing, darling, but still—what, darling? Oh, yes, she'll start at once. Well, not exactly *at once*, darling, but probably

next week or so; she's got a couple of children, darling—sweet little things, a girl aged eight, and a little boy of five—and it's just a question of getting a woman to take them to school and give them their lunch, in fact, not even give them their lunch—just cook it, you know, and take them back to school, because *my* woman goes to another place in the afternoon, darling, and she thought if she could get a woman to do that, then she—that's my woman, darling, not my woman's woman—would be able to come to me, and do her shopping on the way. So, darling, *do please* keep your eyes open for a woman for my woman, because as I say, as *soon* as I can get my woman fixed up with a woman, my woman can start right away. Do you see, darling? Isn't it marvellous!"



## Punctuality

**P**UNCTUALITY is a highly relative quality. In its most usual form, which consists of one person meeting another person before the other person gets there, it depends entirely on the other person not getting there first. There are other sorts of punctuality where human nature is spurred on by its own unpunctuality rather than anyone else's, but there is always this idea of conflict; of human nature up against something. As good an example of this as any is train-catching, which I propose to begin with.

What, we may ask, is human nature up against exactly when it catches a train? Well, primarily it is up against the fear that it may miss the train, and the conviction that this is the worst thing that can happen to anyone. It is. But psychologists insist on going further into the question and discovering that this fear is hereditary, handed down from however many generations it is since railway trains were first invented. With the invention of the train, psychologists tell us, human nature first had to worry about the minutes between the five-minute marks on a clock. Only something awfully hereditary can account for such fanaticism as attends train-catching, psychologists explain. Human nature, then, is up against all this. It is also, as often as not, up against packing and all that this implies. It is also up against getting to the station. There is a slight swing-round in human nature's attitude on reaching a railway station. Up to here it is its own fault if it misses the train. When once it is inside the station it is the station's. That human nature so rarely misses a train after getting inside a station is mainly due to human nature's well-known custom of getting to a station ten minutes earlier than the time it aimed at arriving, which is another ten minutes earlier than the latest time it had allowed itself, which is yet another ten minutes before the train starts. To normal people, of course, a train counts as starting when they are safely shut inside it. The time between getting in a train and the train starting does not seem the same as ordinary time, and a clock seen from a carriage window does not seem like a real clock. This, psychologists say, is a natural reflex from about an hour and twenty minutes' acute clock-consciousness, and will last for the whole train journey.

All this punctuality is so much what you would not expect of normal people that it is worth giving train-catching one more thought. A theory has been advanced that never to miss a train is the shortest known cut to self-esteem, and self-esteem, which for working purposes is indistinguishable from the esteem of others, is necessary to all normal people. Hence it may be laid down that anyone walking on to a platform twenty seconds before a train moves off is either overcharged with self-esteem or too far gone to want it back; and this explains why people who do not mind if they miss their trains are more different from normal people than any other sort of people are from any other sort.

To go back to normal people, the next aspect of punctuality I want to deal with is getting up in the morning. Getting up is interesting because, although it is not the actual getting up which matters so much as the getting out of the front door by a certain time every morning, to humanity while still in bed the actual getting up matters

more than anything else in the world. The minute which humanity decides to get up at is interesting too, because it begins by being one quite definite minute, goes on to the next, jumps about four minutes and ends up as a certain fixed time which humanity knew all along it would end up by getting up at, which is why it had set the alarm clock for twenty minutes earlier. Statisticians say that twenty minutes is the average interval between the going off of an alarm clock and the getting up of the getter-up; at least it is about the time they allow for themselves. They have also worked out that the number of people who keep their alarm clock at the far end of their bedroom and imagine that if they get up to stop it they will stay up either increases or decreases every year, and that if people get up later than usual it is because they are allowed to, and if they get up earlier it is because they have to.

It can be seen that there is very little scientific data about getting up in the morning, but psychologists have weighed in with the observation that the conflict which, as I was saying, is a necessary factor of all attempts at punctuality, would not be what it is without an alarm clock. They estimate that any alarm clock going off anywhere any morning receives on itself the whole weight of humanity's resentment against everything. This is pretty silly, psychologists say, from the commonsense point of view, but rather useful psychologically, as otherwise humanity might never muster up enough anything to be able to get up at all. In passing, I should like to remind my readers how differently they feel towards an alarm clock which goes off suddenly *in the evening*. There is no resentment here, only a whimsical toleration of something foolishly overhelpful.

Now for the last major aspect of punctuality. This involves two or more people meeting at a certain place at a certain time. The place, I mean, is certain, or nearly always so, but the time is not of course certain until everyone has turned up. If the time given is, say, half past anything, then up to twenty-six minutes counts morally as dead on time for even the last person to arrive at. For the next six minutes whoever arrives to find the other person already there has to apologize fairly insincerely. From twenty minutes to until a quarter to the apology has to be fairly sincere—just enough to make whoever arrived first apologize fairly insincerely for putting the other person in such a condition of apology. There is a rule that half an hour's lateness calls for anything up to hysteria on both sides, which accounts mainly for the mounting anxiety seen in the faces of those who have waited that long for anyone.

A few more general facts about punctuality. Unpunctual people are different from punctual people in that they are not punctual. Conversely, punctual people are different from unpunctual people in that they are punctual. It is all, psychologists say, so simple as to be baffling. To make it even simpler, they say, we can tell a punctual person from an unpunctual person at a glance—a punctual person being already there, and an unpunctual person being not there yet because about to be even later than we are.

o o

### No More Dirty Work

"CLEANSING MEN'S POST-WAR PLANS"

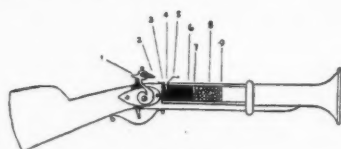
Headline in "Commercial Motor."

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

## More Study for the H.G.?

THE Home Guard are accustomed to make do with weapons that the real soldiers discard from time to time, just as a foster-child with severely practical guardians expects no better equipment than the things that a real child of the family has no further use for. I am therefore not inclined to disbelieve Smithers when he says that we are to be issued with the blunderbusses which the regulars handed in to the Tower, in oil, about the time of Queen Anne. And against the objection that the blunderbuss is too outmoded even for the Home Guards I can only say, at the risk of indulging in careless talk, that we have pikes in the platoon armoury—though nothing will make me reveal how many pikes.

In case Smithers hasn't been misinformed I have been getting my ideas about the blunderbuss right up to the minute so as to qualify myself in advance to give one of those lectures which are doubly designed to be instructive, and to prevent the Home Guards from going home until after the local has shut.



SKETCH OF THE BLUNDERBUSS  
(BREECH EXPOSED)

- |                               |                             |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Cocking-piece              | 5. Priming-pan cover (open) |
| 2. Flint                      | 6. Explosive (gunpowder)    |
| 3. Steel                      | 7. Wad                      |
| 4. Priming-pan and touch-hole | 8. Projectiles (buckshot)   |
|                               | 9. Wad                      |

The blunderbuss is loaded and at full cock, but not primed.

As a beginning one could say that the blunderbuss is an anti-personnel weapon, a weapon of opportunity, and, compared with some of the weapons passed on to the Home Guard, not nearly so much a weapon of suicide.

From this opening one should go straight to the detail of, or recipe for, loading the blunderbuss: pour three heaped-up tablespoons of gunpowder down the barrel, press down and wad firmly with the ramrod. Next, add a generous handful of buckshot, again wadding firmly. Finally, put a good pinch of gunpowder in the priming-pan, about as much gunpowder as will cover a sixpence.

Buckshot, of course, is the projectile laid down in the regulations, but an advantage of the blunderbuss is that

it will take all sorts of odds and ends, such as marbles, keys that have lost their locks, and bad money. The blunderbuss will provide Home Guards with an ideal means of disposing of old safety-razor blades.

The detail for firing the blunderbuss would, I think, be on the following lines: On a pressure of the trigger the cocking-piece falls with a forward and downward movement until the flint of the cocking-piece, becoming engaged with the steel, emits a spark (or sparks) which sets (or set) fire to the gunpowder in the priming-pan; and the fire in the priming-pan, running down the touch-hole, in due course reaches the gunpowder in the breech and causes it to explode, thus propelling the buckshot violently towards the muzzle, which, on account of its special design, permits a ready egress for the escaping gases and projects the buckshot in a widening circle.

What can the blunderbuss achieve when it has actually fired? A fair question. The muzzle velocity of the blunderbuss is such that up to ten yards its fire is *lethal*. But beyond this range, although the buckshot is becoming spent, the blunderbuss creates a zone of considerable depth in which there is a decided element of risk: at fifteen yards it can incapacitate, at twenty incommode, and at twenty-five soften, an enemy. Even at thirty yards he still might get something in his eye.

But in addition to all this the ability of the blunderbuss to broadcast its buckshot gives it a wide and unequalled field of fire. At ten yards a trained number one of the blunderbuss can get a six-foot group. Think, then, what this means. At ten yards—its fatal range—the blunderbuss cannot miss. That is to say, if an enemy comes to within ten yards you have got him—or if not him, surely the next man to him. All that is required is to get the blunderbuss to poop off. And that brings us to the importance of selecting the right type of man for the number one. He may observe all the rules of *The Care of the Blunderbuss*, he may subscribe fervently to the sentiment that a soldier's best friend is his blunderbuss, he may scrounge the best brand of flints for his blunderbuss, but that is not enough. He must be able to make a swift decision. The blunderbuss, as has been said, is a weapon of opportunity, and when an enemy comes to within ten yards, that is the opportunity and should at once

be recognized as such. The number one, therefore, must be quick on the draw. If he dwells on his aim or if he is blunderbuss-shy, then the enemy will be able to walk away out of range.

We now come to consider the stoppages of the blunderbuss, though a sceptic might think it time enough to consider stoppages after the blunderbuss has got started. Actually the blunderbuss has only two stoppages, always assuming that the team have kept their powder dry:

*Number one stoppage.* The trigger is pulled, the flint of the cocking-piece has engaged with the steel, but the anticipated explosion does not follow. The spark may be too weak to ignite the priming. In other words, *the blunderbuss wants a new flint*. Immediate action: change flint and pull trigger again. If the explosion still does not come there must be *mud or stuff in the touch-hole*. Immediate action: clear touch-hole with the winkle-pin in the blunderbuss spare-parts box. Re-prime, re-cock, and pull the trigger. If the blunderbuss does not go off there is now no reason left to explain it.

*Number two stoppage.* The trigger is pulled, the flint of the cocking-piece has engaged with the steel, and a very much louder explosion follows than was anticipated. This always means a burst barrel. Immediate action: The number two of the team draws a new blunderbuss from ye olde quateremastere. (As a rule this stoppage not only stops the blunderbuss but the number one as well.)

The blunderbuss can be loaded, primed, cocked and ready to fire in three minutes. It can therefore claim to be considered as a dual-purpose weapon: in battle its mission is to wreak destruction; in bivouac it can be used as an egg-timer.

o o

## The Batman

POLITOLI, son of Kayongo, is the most dignified man I have ever met. He is Major Fibbing's batman, and occasionally he obliges by assisting in the Officers' Mess. The idea of anybody giving Politoli an order is absurd. New officers joining the Company always wonder how the Major manages to secure the trifling personal services that one expects from a batman, such as the cleaning of boots and the bringing of shaving water. But the Major's boots are always surpassingly shiny, and the Major is always shaved.

Politoli's character being what it is, I still think it was foolish of Sympton to attempt to put him on a charge. In the ordinary way Sympton would not have dreamed of doing such a thing, but he was Orderly Officer, and in a Kugomba Company the Orderly Officer is liable to be in an advanced state of insanity by noon. It is not that the Kugombas do not wish to be good soldiers. It is simply that they lack what may be called the military instinct, and they show only mild but kindly surprise if they are found playing a quiet game of cards when they should be cooking the officers' dinner or guarding a petrol dump or doing something equally important. Not that Politoli was playing cards. Probably he was meditating on the unseen or wondering why people made such a fuss about Einstein's Theory of Relativity. But clearly he was not, as he should have been, helping Lolensio, son of Korikoro, to clean the Officers' Mess. So Sympton made out a charge sheet and put it on the Major's desk.

"What's all this?" said the Major, looking at it in rather a peculiar way.

"Discipline must be maintained," said Lieutenant Sympton, using one of the Major's own favourite expressions. "I ordered Politoli to help Lolensio clean the Mess."

The Major said nothing more at the time, but that night he came in to dinner looking very distraught and wearing a shirt without a collar under his service dress, and laceless shoes. He did not tell us what had happened, but I learned afterwards from my own batman that the Major had been unable to find any studs, and that each lace had broken into several pieces when he tried to pull it tight.

During the night loud and angry murmurs, accompanied by a cracking sound, were heard to come from the Major's tent.

"His bed gave way," my boy explained when he brought my early-morning tea. "Politoli says it is a bed the Major has had since the last war, and that it was sure to give way sooner or later."

The Major's tea was very hot that morning, and Politoli had used a cup with a big crack in it. The cup split in two and all the tea went over the Major's pyjamas. Naturally he gesticulated violently and the bed collapsed again, and when he called for Politoli to help him out Politoli only managed to get him trapped in the bed worse than ever.

Sympton came in for lunch and asked what Politoli had got.

"Seven days' C.B. at least, I hope," he said.

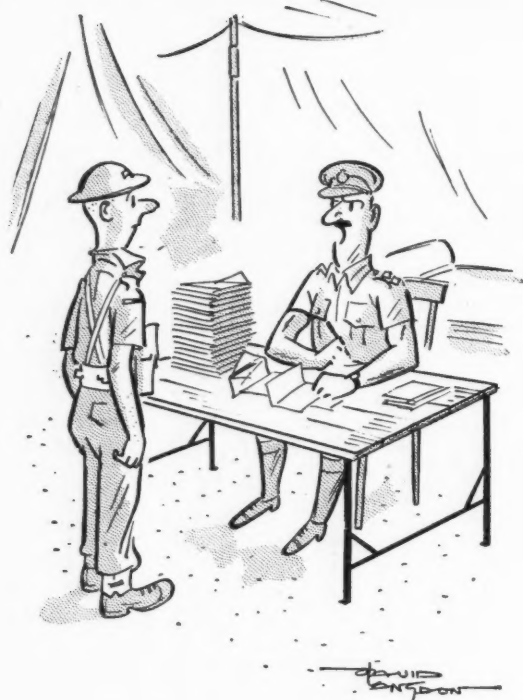


"Now for the next one that comes along let's try something a little different. The lady with the shopping-bag will step out into the roadway, as before, holding up the left hand, and you two young ladies will take up a position twenty yards further down the street and engage in conversation, ready to step off the pavement looking the other way. You, Sir, will run along the gutter, shouting and pointing at the near-side wheel, while this gentleman will feign drunkenness and make as if to fall forward under the bonnet, and finally this elderly lady and I will start to move across from the other side of the street to stop any attempt at a break-through round the blind side. . . ."

We looked at the Major, who shifted uneasily in his chair. "I considered the Orderly Sergeant's evidence insufficient," he said, "and as Sympton was not present I dismissed the case."

Only later did it leak out that not only had he dismissed the case, but he had given Politoli special proficiency pay, a nearly new hand-knitted pull-over, and a week's leave.





"I see you've put a drop of sand in your letter home as a souvenir. Supposing everyone put sand in their letters, hey?"

## The Phoney Phleet

XXX—H.M.S. "Incredible"

WHERE the Arctic billow darkens  
And the crooning of the Krakens  
Whips the unsuspecting ocean into soup,  
Navigating through that gravy  
Is a relic of the Navy—  
*Incredible*, a steam-assisted sloop.

Northern Lights flick round her funnels,  
Gulls lay eggs upon her gunwales,  
There are moths and mildew in her magazines;  
But in action, vice versa,  
You should hear the Nazis curse her—  
It's she who's sinking all their submarines.

For aboard, and incognito,  
Lives Bert Bloggs, "The Great Repeato,"  
The longest-range ventriloquist alive;  
Far outstripping competition  
He gives guaranteed audition  
At 4-99 miles—or is it five?

Furthermore—and this is vital—  
Bertie holds the lightweight title  
For imitating fog-horns in distress,  
While in ventriloquial German  
He's more Goeringful than Hermann.  
All this explains *Incredible's* success.

Constant fogs around those quarters  
Penetrate below the waters,  
And a submarine is virtually blind;  
Lacking stellar observation  
She relies for navigation  
On careless talk and matters of that kind.

Picture, therefore, gentle stranger,  
What a bally awful danger  
An *ill-intentioned fog-horn* would present;  
What a peril to the sailor  
*Misdirections* by loud-hailer  
In German, so he'd know just what was meant!

What? You've guessed it? Gosh, you're wizard!  
Yes, the talker-from-the-gizzard  
(To speak of him with Basic English grace,  
By his gifted noise production  
Lures the U-boats to destruction,  
The Great Repeato, anti-U-boat Ace!

Up aloft in any weather  
Fastened neatly on a tether  
Continuously mooing in the mist,  
On the shady side of zero  
Stands the nation's greatest hero—  
Salute to Bertie Bloggs, ventriloquist!

## H. J. Talking

I HAVE been busy writing a play for the children to perform at a rally of their Insurance Guild, with the assistance of other young to whom we owe hospitality, this being cheaply repaid by giving them minor parts. So far I have written only the first scene because the Drama makes my hair come out, all the exits and entrances having to be fitted in. As the play goes on it gets harder, as there are knots to be unravelled and mysteries to be explained: difficulties which one has got out of in Act I tend to produce other difficulties which ripen in Act III. Here is what I have so far written:

### MA ROOSTER'S PAST

#### Act I

(The Billiards Room of the Ministry of Health. SIR LAMBERT DAX is practising shots. He is a formal type and wears pince-nez on a broad, bright blue ribbon. Enter an ADMIRAL.)

ADMIRAL. What ho! What ho! What ho! Avast there! Belay there! Ahoy there!

DAX. How many times have I asked you not to talk to me when I am doing my cannons? You really are a most irritating admiral.

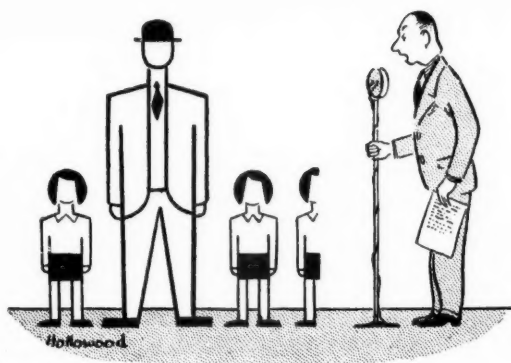
ADMIRAL. Splice the main brace. Blow the man down. (After prolonged reflection) Shiver my timbers.

DAX. Missed again. This is what comes of trying to be sociable. Ever since I gave you the run of the place I have regretted it. The Archdeacon we had before was a great improvement on you.

ADMIRAL. He couldn't have been if he came first. That's logic. Ho, ho, ho, let the bulgine run.

DAX. Please go away. Sit in the canteen and I will send you some files.

ADMIRAL (doubtfully). Really first-rate ones? Not like those you sent last time, all cover and no insides?



"To-night's Postscript is given by an average father."

DAX. I swear by Sir Robert Morant I won't let you down.  
(Exit ADMIRAL)

Cannon off the red. Upsidaisy.

(Enter HERMIONE DAX, Sir Lambert's schoolgirl daughter)

Oh, what do you want? However am I going to win the tournament if I never get a chance to improve? What are you doing anyway?

HERMIONE. I am working for the Higher Certificate in Greek, Botany and Dress-making, with subsidiary

is very old and wears a green baize apron. He holds a book, marking the place with his finger.)

LYGON HEMINGWAY. Have you read this book? It is called "Test Papers on the Works of the Poet Shelley" and is very interesting.

DAX. You are not a very experienced marker, are you?

LYGON HEMINGWAY (on his dignity). I am learning. If I were really well trained I should not be here at all but at the Treasury. When a boy I began my career of public service with the Salford Board of Guardians as an ostler. It was not till I was in my late forties that I got out of local government into the Civil Service, and then only just: I was wine-waiter to the Commissioners for the National Debt.

(Re-enter the ADMIRAL)

ADMIRAL. Phaugh! Not the smell of a file.

DAX. I must apologize. I will go and give the necessary instructions at once. (Exit)

ADMIRAL. Hermione, will you marry me?

HERMIONE. I don't mind if I do.

LYGON HEMINGWAY. May I sing a tenor solo at the wedding? What would you like for a present? I can do you an indoor wheel-barrow.

(Re-enter SIR LAMBERT DAX)

HERMIONE. I am going to marry this admiral.

DAX. Well, you can't do it here so I don't see why I shouldn't get on with my game.

LYGON HEMINGWAY. Don't they look a pretty couple?

DAX. Not to me.

(Exeunt the twain. Enter Ghost of Dr. Johnson)

GHOST. Sir—

CURTAIN. END OF ACT I.

## THANK YOU

AN Officer in charge of a Comforts Depot to whom we have been able to send supplies of our wool writes:

"In a letter it is difficult for me adequately to express my gratitude for the valuable help you give us, thus enabling further supplies of knitted comforts to be dispatched to the soldiers overseas.

"I wish I were in the position to be able to thank personally all the supporters of your Fund, for I am most grateful for this aid to our work."

We also tender our thanks to all Subscribers, and in doing so beg them to continue their most valuable help by sending Donations which will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Roman Law and Mothercraft. Can you lend me a slide-rule?

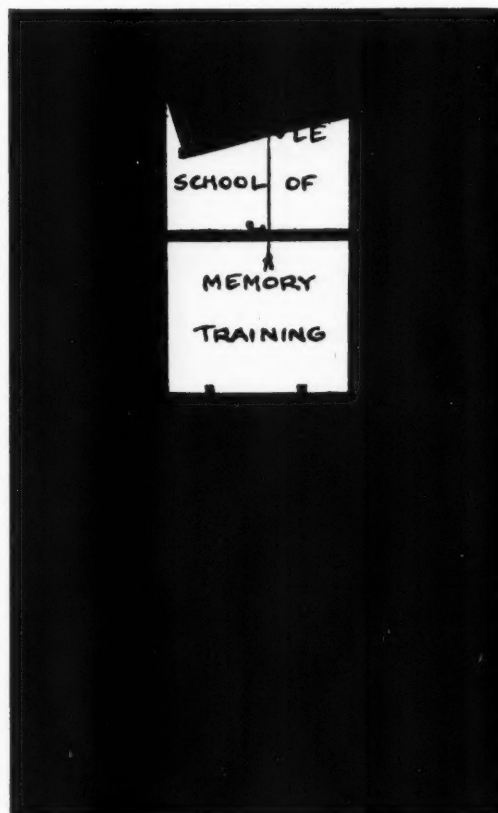
DAX. Try the Finance Division.

HERMIONE. By the way, I want to marry Nottingham Ball.

DAX. You are not going to do anything of the sort. You are a Civil Servant's daughter and he is only a Junior Minister. He is worse than unestablished. Where's the chalk?

HERMIONE. All the pockets are filled with it. The new marker must have put it there.

DAX. That must be why I can't put anything. Marker! (LYGON HEMINGWAY, the new marker, enters. He





“. . . and then the Ministry of Agriculture lends us labour-saving machinery . . .”

### “When the Lights Go On . . .”

“WHEN the lights go on,” you sang (or rather  
squalled)—  
“When the lights go on again all over the  
wahld!”

But I was thinking, “*Chacun à son goût*;  
How many sides has every question? Two.”

Black-out had blessings, friend, as well as banes;  
We lost our ways at times, but there were gains.  
In ugliness unlit, in beauties shown  
That, but for black-outs, we had never known.

Town-dwelling folk, I mean—the countryside  
Saw no great difference and had less to hide;  
But some who knew so long the darkened city  
May say, when lights go on again, “A pity!”

All the long day the faces crowd and stare  
And most of them are—well, let’s leave it there;  
The black-out veiled the Gorgons with the Graces.  
Yes, there were many things in many places

Just as well hidden when the night came down  
And wrapped us in our silent secret town . . .

And there were moments when, contrariwise,  
Unguessed-at beauty broke upon our eyes,

Rare midnights when the rout of day had gone  
And the revealing moon of heaven shone,  
From all our pinchbeck rivalry exempt,  
And showed the city our designers dreamt—

Wide and uncrowded, balanced, poised and fine,  
A place of sweep and vista, space and line,  
With climbing roofs and spires that sought the  
sky.

And you had never seen it. Nor had I.

Nor shall again; for skyline, street and spire  
Once more must melt in the electric fire,  
Fuse in the neon’s multi-coloured glow—  
When the lights go on again you long for  
so . . .

But let the lights go on, bring back the blaze,  
The crowd, the crush, the din of other days.  
You can’t please all sorts. *Chacun à son goût*.  
Some may be slightly sorry. But—how few! H. B.





### THE BATTLE FRONT

"Down, lads, and at 'em!"

## Afternoon Delivery

I HAVE been spending August at Dulcarnon

When you were away.  
There is no joy, no sureness at Dulcarnon,

Unvaried grey;  
Dryads of doubt lurk in the evil wood,  
There is no heather, no dawn, no good—  
Nothing at all to give a man hope,  
Only old ugly castles and keeps to shun

Where ghouls with green eyes glare  
and grope,

And then he starts to run and run  
Anywhere, anywhere down the slope.  
Was there a need for me to be at Dulcarnon

When you were away?

There is no bus service here at Dulcarnon—

There are no roads, remember—  
Not even runway facility  
In this poor visibility.

Do I stay here all September?

Like a small feather on the ground  
Settling, slowly with no sound—  
Is it or has it been phantasma?—  
A blue god in a helicopter came,  
And as he whirled me up from the miasma

All the horizon was a sea of flame.

J. B. N.

## Toller Reports

To O.C. B Sqn.

WITH reference to your note requiring an explanation of my failure to render by 0800 hrs yesterday the Bath, Sock, Shooting and Arms Returns for 5 Tp, this omission occurred as the result of the following unforeseen circumstances.

With the idea of achieving peace and quiet for the composition of these returns I arranged with Lt Cherry to repay the kindness of a family stationed near the camp with the supervision of their house and children for the evening, thus freeing them for dinner and the pictures. Both Lt Cherry and myself being fond of young people, no trouble was visualized in lulling these children to sleep, should they prove wakeful, while instructions about what to do with the cat, the black-outs, etc. were noted before our hosts left and we settled down to enjoy some refreshment prior to commencing work.

Fortunately Lt Cherry is keen of hearing, and snatched open the door as

one child was in the midst of loading his air-gun, but he was nevertheless hit behind the ear by a pellet from a catapult fired through the window, while another smashed a wine-glass on the table. The little girl appeared to be missing until Lt Cherry was tripped by a walking-stick in the hall, badly bruising his knee.

It was decided to ring up the hotel where our hosts were having dinner, in order to learn the correct procedure in a situation of this sort, but this plan proved impossible as the telephone was under air-gun fire from the landing. Lt Cherry accordingly suggested that we should offer to read fairy stories on condition they returned to bed, but these terms were rejected; alternative terms from the other side included the immediate handing over of twenty cigarettes and a quantity of chocolate apparently stored in a drawer in the dining-room. These terms were ultimately complied with. Lt Cherry's suggestion that we should go up and kiss them good-night was, however, turned down as savouring too much of appeasement.

During the period of uncertainty that followed it was not possible to concentrate on the Bath and Sock Returns as it was felt best to take the precautionary measure of barricading the drawing-room. Lt Cherry, who is freshly returned from a Signal Course, also suggested lengthening the telephone wire to enable us to telephone from the drawing-room, but unfortunately after cutting the wire was unable to join it. A reconnaissance patrol along the upper landing then discovered all to be quiet and work on the returns was begun.

The first indication of the fire was a furious barking from the dog, but as this had occurred on and off during our occupation of the house, being answered by the neighing of the pony tethered outside, we looked upon it merely as a minor nuisance and hoped the animal would do no more, having prior to this bitten both of us in the leg during the engagement in the drawing-room. On the extinction of the fire two of the children were sick but without apparently suffering any loss of vitality, and as a last measure the plan was considered of causing them to become comotose with sips of alcohol. This plan was never put into effect owing to a noise from the kitchen where it was found that the cat had dragged a large piece of cold salmon from a cupboard, breaking the dish in the process. As it was at this point that the parents returned no further work was feasible and consequently it was not possible to render the Bath, Socks, Shooting

and Arms Returns by 0800 hrs the following day as intended.

With reference to these returns, submitted herewith, it will be noted that Tpr Wardale bathed on only one occasion last week. I would, however, point out that Tpr Wardale stayed for 15 minutes in the bath and states that he soaped himself thoroughly.

(Signed) J. TOLLER, Lt.

Home Forces.

## Determinism and Determination

"WHAT is a Determinist?" said Pilot Officer Grackle. "A chap who is very determined?"

"Very much so," said Pilot Officer Rooke. "Stubborn, in fact. But that is not why he is called a Determinist. He is a bloke who fancies you have no conscious will of your own. You're not free. Everything was ordained and settled for you long ago."

"And very nice too. Never a worry. Everything settled. I wish I was one. The Wing-Commander could say to me 'Look here, Grackle, what the devil do you mean by this?' and I could reply 'How can I tell, sir? And what does it matter? I'm just made that way, that's all.' Are there many of these Determinists about, Rooke?"

"Heaps. Any number. Half the chaps here, for instance. But they don't know it. The really interesting ones are the Determinists who fidget about it. They've got it all figured out. Matter of fact I've got an uncle within two miles of here who's an ardent Determinist. He is a sort of scientific old bird. Professor."

"Do you know him well?"

"So-so."

"Do you think he'd be in this evening?"

"Bound to be. Never stirs abroad. Why?"

"I thought it would be very interesting for this professor if we found ourselves compelled to call on him. It is ordained, you see. Nothing to do with us, is it? We can't help it."

"I can't do it. He'd slay me."

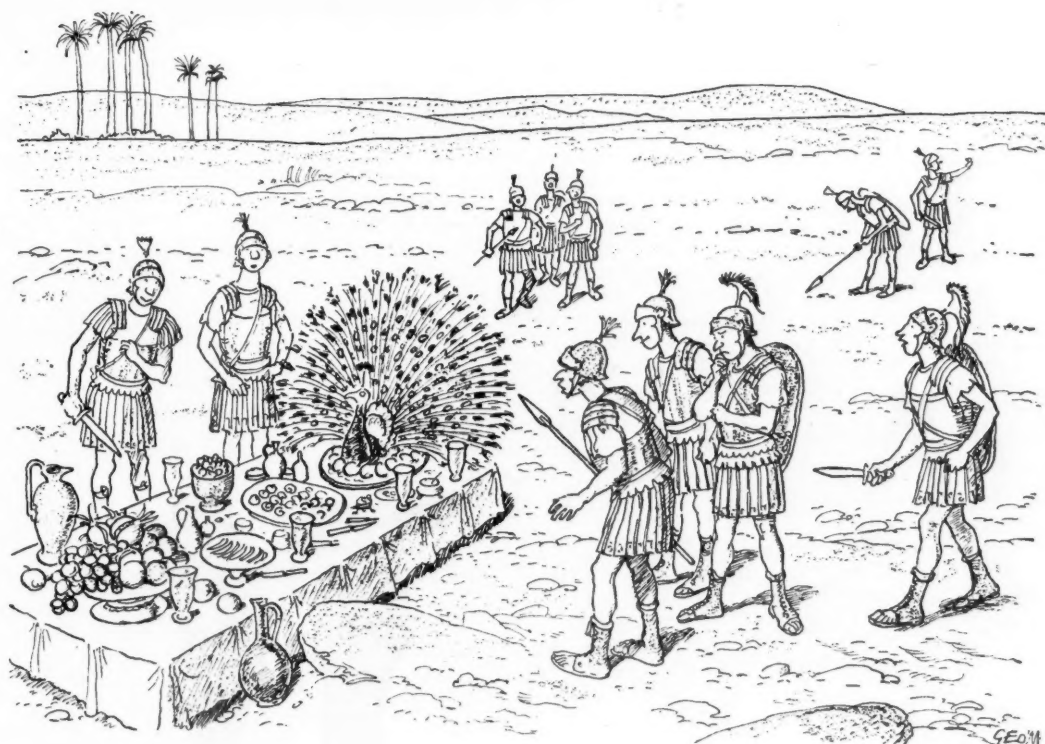
"Right. I'll go myself. Tell me how to get there."

Rooke told him. An hour later Grackle came back much refreshed.

"Have a nice chat with Uncle Putnam?" asked Rooke.

"Very, very nice. I don't think your uncle likes me, but we can't help our tastes, can we?"

"Certainly not. What did you say to him?"



*"Personally I suspect a ruse."*

"Nothing much. It was mostly what he said to me. He couldn't imagine the object of my call. 'To what am I indebted?' he kept saying. I kept telling him that I didn't know anything more about it than he did. I just felt compelled to drop in, that's all. Force of destiny. I asked if he felt compelled to give a poor chap a drink and he was furious. Moral indignation. I told him there was no bally use in moral indignation from a chap who believed in Determinism . . . unless of course he was doomed to be morally indignant. It seemed very illogical to me. 'But why the devil are you here?' he shouted. 'Oh, cause and effect and that sort of thing,' I said. 'May I ask you to leave my house, sir?' says he. I asked him if this outburst sprang from his reason or from the uncontrollable. Reason was of little use to me, I said, but I was very fond of irresistible forces. He wouldn't answer that sort of thing, but just kept asking why I had chosen to come. As if it was a matter of choice!"

"You don't suppose poor old Uncle Putnam is weakening?"

"I don't know how strong he used to be. But he certainly went downhill

during my brief visit. Well, anyhow, he finally asked me in a very nasty way if I happened to be acquainted with Pilot Officer Rooke."

"Oh, my aunt!" said Rooke.

"Married, is he? Well, I said everyone was acquainted with Rooke, and he asked if Rooke had sent me there to annoy him. I became frightfully annoyed myself and said my own destiny was quite capable of pushing me round without any help from outside, thank you. Then he asked if he should tell the Wing-Commander that all this effrontery was my own idea, and I laughed. I asked what the newspapers would think of a respectable Determinist who went about attributing free will to people and complaining to Wing-Commanders about it. He saw my point. He was very angry indeed. Shortly after that I left. Not of my own free will, perhaps . . . just good old Destiny. I made certain he appreciated that."

"I can understand his being angry," said Rooke. "But he is normally quite polite, in a rude sort of way. Did you do anything to upset him when you first arrived?"

Crackle was slightly embarrassed.

"Well, one never knows. It is just possible that the stones I was throwing through the window . . ."

"Throwing stones through the window!"

"The open window, old boy—just to attract his attention. It is possible that one of them may have struck some costly object. But I don't think so."

Rooke was beginning to feel weaker than Uncle Putnam. "By gosh, Crackle, I think my uncle must be right about these things. You're not responsible. What's the matter with you?"

"Of course I'm not responsible. Nobody is, you ass. That's what I kept telling him. But you should be grateful, old boy. I have injected some honest doubt into half his creeds. 'There lives more faith . . . and so on.'"

"But he'll kill me."

"Well, I can't help that. You can't help it. He can't help it. Have a drink."

Rooke had a drink. He couldn't help it. Destiny made it a nice big one, too. You can't beat good old Destiny.





"... and John—Eton and Rhondda Valley."

## Jane

**S**HE was the waitress in a shop  
Where 'twas my wont of old to drop  
In at a casual time and slake

My thirst with tea and have some cake,  
A pleasing person, neat though plain,  
Known to habitués as Jane. . . .

But time passed on, and with success  
The shop assumed a livelier dress;  
Smart was the word, and trim-legged maids,

Nymph-like, adorned those quiet shades,  
And one ill day, some four years back,  
There was no Jane. She'd got the sack.

\* \* \* \* \*  
A swinehound bombed my lowly roof  
And I since then have roamed aloof  
Till, as it chanced, this very day

Some homing instinct bade me stray  
Around, and led me to the shop  
Where I in calmer times would drop

In with the harmless aim to slake  
My thirst with tea and eat some cake.  
I thought I'd try it once again

And there, by all the gods, was Jane.  
A gentle ease possessed the air,  
The nymphs had gone. But Jane was there.

\* \* \* \* \*

I trust I yet may find a cot  
Somewhere about that favoured spot  
And often, as of old, frequent

That shop for casual nourishment.  
But if I find that Jane's been sacked  
(Which one might justly call an act

To put all heaven in a rage)  
I shall withdraw my patronage.  
Yes, though the owner weep and plead

Her doughtiest, I shall not heed.  
If she can do a thing so base  
Let ruin stare her in the face.

DUM-DUM.

## Ringing the Bell

THE doctor says that Uncle Egbert's illness is a very severe chill. Uncle Egbert says that it is a form of influenza, that it is jaundice, that it is a touch of malaria, that it is pleurisy, and that if it isn't actually pneumonia it very soon will be.

Aunt Emma says that it is the last straw.

The elder Miss Dodge, who has come to help, just says that it is an opportunity for Service and therefore she welcomes it—which nobody else does.

She offers to sit up at night.

Everybody agrees that this is unnecessary and Uncle Egbert, speaking privately to Aunt Emma, says that it is several other things as well and tells her that it would bring on a relapse and might even prove fatal.

Then, says Miss Dodge, a bell must be arranged so that Uncle Egbert can summon Aunt Emma, who has gone to sleep in the spare room, at any time of the night. This, she says, she can arrange as easily as possible.

She works for an entire afternoon, and so does Aunt Emma, who has to find improbable lengths of string, a small round tin (eventually bought at the grocer's as Aunt Emma says that the war has taken all her own tins), a hammer, some tin-tacks, several safety-pins—over which Aunt Emma puts up a struggle because she only has four left, but is defeated by Miss Dodge—and an unspecified metal object, which is to rattle inside the tin when the whole thing is in working order. Aunt Emma is also obliged to keep Uncle Egbert quiet when he hears the hammering, and whenever Miss Dodge flies in and out with immense loops of string and offers to fasten one end round his wrist or else pin it to his pyjama sleeve.

Towards four o'clock Miss Dodge says that she thinks the bell is now in order and asks Uncle Egbert to pull the string sharply. Uncle Egbert is unco-operative, and says he is too weak to pull sharply at a string.

Miss Dodge is disappointed, but says very well, she can arrange it so that any sort of pull will make it work. She again has recourse to the hammer and Uncle Egbert has a *crise de nerfs* and says that he doesn't think the house will stand it and it may fall down at any minute now.

The house does stand it, and at six o'clock Miss Dodge comes in again and drapes string all over the furniture until it reaches Uncle Egbert's pillow,

where she fastens it with a safety-pin and tells him to pull it.

Owing to agitation Uncle Egbert is no longer weak but pulls with unnatural violence and a noise results that, Aunt Emma says, is almost exactly like an avalanche she once heard on the Alps, only louder. It will, she adds, rouse the whole neighbourhood. No, says Miss Dodge, it can be modified.

Uncle Egbert says that he thinks another relapse is coming on as the shock has upset him, but Miss Dodge says everything is perfectly all right and tiptoes quietly away.

She falls over the string.

Aunt Emma falls over the string.

Uncle Egbert uses terrible language and Aunt Emma says she thinks he is becoming delirious, but Uncle Egbert says he isn't delirious at all and means every word of it.

Everybody in the house falls over the string except the dogs, who are said to jump over it like greyhounds.

Towards nine o'clock Miss Dodge, looking exhausted, says that it really is all right now, and begs Uncle Egbert to pull the string once more, while Aunt Emma waits in the spare room.

Uncle Egbert pulls and Aunt Emma rushes in, trips over the string and pulls down the screen and a little table but says that *It is all right*, she heard the summons, but she doesn't think anyone else did. The screen and the table are picked up, Miss Dodge is congratulated, and Uncle Egbert says that, if the excitement is over, he thinks he could sleep.

We can *all* sleep, says Aunt Emma, and he is to ring the bell the moment he wants anything.

Miss Dodge explains that the string, the round tin and the piece of metal will all have to be re-set after use, but this she does with comparative speed and explains it to Aunt Emma, who says that all desire for sleep has now left her—she thinks for ever—and that Uncle Egbert must give one more pull, as a test, before Miss Dodge leaves the house.

Uncle Egbert is found in a trance-like condition and cannot be made to understand what is required, but Miss Dodge is still undaunted, and says it will all come to the same thing if *she* pulls the string just outside the bedroom door. Uncle Egbert is on no account to rouse himself, and she creeps out of the room on tiptoe, shuts the door and pulls the string.

The noise that follows is entirely

made by Uncle Egbert himself, and he is found choking with the string round his neck. When released by Aunt Emma and Miss Dodge he asks for brandy and says that his head has been nearly jerked off his shoulders and that to all intents and purposes they are doing their best to hang him, and will someone please get rid of all that string before it has killed him outright.

Miss Dodge, though upset, says she has some other ideas, but Aunt Emma begs her to do nothing further and a broomstick is laid across Uncle Egbert's bed with which he is to knock on the wall if necessary.

Uncle Egbert says—but quietly—that the broomstick will do for Miss Dodge to ride away on.

Actually she leaves in the ordinary way by the front door, leaving Aunt Emma in possession of all the string, the tin for which the grocer will allow something, and her four safety-pins. Her last words are that she thinks the whole thing has done good, by *rousing* Uncle Egbert.

E. M. D.

## Combined Ranks

HE used to be a Squadron Leader, didn't he?"  
"Or a Wing-Commander; what is he now?"

"Well, I saw him with a red rash all over him. They say he's in AMGOT."

"But—Group-Captains don't wear red tabs. They wear scrambled eggs."

"I know—but he was authentic red-tab General Staff; no brass; Colonel or Brigadier."

"Must be one of these combined operators; perhaps he's a Group-Colonel, R.N."

"Or a Combadier."

"No, Bongadore."

"Oh, magnificent! I wonder who commands a Flying Bongadore."

"Why, an Air-Lieutenant-Admiral, of course."

"No, that's too high. There must be an Air-Rear-General in between."

"True, true. And on top? Something like an Admarshal."

"ADMARGENERAL? Not very good. ADMARGINAL?"

"No, let's try again: how about Air-General-of-the-Fleet?"

"We've had *Air* before. Give it variety. I have it—"

"What?"

"Wait—let it come—Yes: how about—FIELD - ADMIRAL - OF - THE - ROYAL-AIR-FORCE!"

"Maestro, the drinks are on me! What will you have, Lootenant?"

## At the Play

"UNCLE VANYA" (WESTMINSTER)  
"THE WINGLESS VICTORY"  
(PHENIX)

TIME and chance have here bracketed together an impressionistic tragic-comedy from Russia that is saturated with unintentioned poetry and a romantic drama from America that strains after poetry all evening and hardly ever attains to anything higher than bombast. But first to our Tchekov. Part of the charm of *Uncle Vanya* lies in that very absence of outline which many of us in the early days used to deplore. An out-of-the-way Russian writer, Efros, has expressed the play's aim almost as well as anybody: "Tchekov knew that, apart from distinctive and definite feelings, there is a whole gamut of intermediary feelings, half-feelings, and their hardly perceptible nuances. And he knew and deeply and beautifully felt the whole atmosphere of life which is compounded of those half-feelings and half-tones. That atmosphere he above all wished to convey in his plays; for to his creative soul the fascination of such merging psychological contours, of such 'misty' emotions, was particularly precious. . . ."

The play just revived at the Westminster is full of such nuances. When *Yelena*, the handsome young wife of the aged peevish professor, confesses to an interest in *Astrov*, the young doctor for whom the girl *Sonya* vainly pines, we know that she has nothing so tangible as a desire in that direction. It is an "interest" only, one of those half-feelings. When *Yelena* pleads for the girl it is with her whole soul. When the young man turns suddenly and passionately embraces *Yelena* herself it is with her whole soul that she recoils. Loyalty to *Sonya* is only one of the levers that effect this recoil. There is also a Hedda-Gabler lever, a refined distaste for passion itself. And there is a self-respecting lever besides. And there is, too, if we mistake not, a queer little lever of what we might call poetico-psychological squeamishness. TCHEKOV has subtlety all right.

It is of course the unfortunate *Uncle Vanya* himself who interrupts the ill-timed embrace and thereafter runs amok with his peculiarly feckless and futile revolver. What will he do with it? Nothing, not even suicide. The play's very grimness here topples over, as do one or two earlier lines, into what we English find comical. When in the first act *Sonya* says that her tea is cold and *Yelena* answers "Never mind—we will drink it cold," we have to smile at this so-Russian acceptance of the worst. Shortly afterwards when *Yelena* praises the weather, *Uncle Vanya's* comment is:



SOMEWHERE THE SUN IS SHINING.

"Yes, a fine day to hang oneself!" The same character in the second act has the monody: "I have no past, it has been stupidly wasted on trifles, and the present is awful in its senselessness." The old professor, in the third, grumbles at the house he insists on staying in: "I don't like this house. It's a perfect labyrinth. Twenty-six huge rooms, people wander in different directions, and there is no finding anyone." And there is the all-but-absurd revolver panic at the end. This play, more than any other of TCHEKOV's maturity, most often recalls the delicious parody in the Hammersmith revue called *Riverside Nights* some seventeen autumns ago.

But what quality, what emotion, what subtlety between these incidental

giggles! Mr. NORMAN MARSHALL's production, admirably backed by Mr. ROGER FURSE's impressionistic settings that are none the worse for recalling a painter like Bonnard extended to the conditions of the stage, brings out many of these qualities. His actresses are distinctly better than his actors. But then this is distinctly and pre-eminently an actresses' play. Miss VIVIENNE BENNETT fulfils *Sonya*, and most exquisitely does she breathe her long last speech, with its refrain that falls on the ear like the key-phrase of some sonata of Franck or Fauré—"We shall rest—we shall rest." Miss

JOAN SWINSTEAD is almost as superb as the handsome *Yelena* of the brooding eyes and lips, a character almost Turgenevian in its refinement and distinction.

Perhaps it is Shakespeare's fault, and that of the best Elizabethans generally, that declared, rhymed, or unrhymed poetry, or speech expressed in verse however free, so seldom gives us pleasure in the modern theatre. Those old masters make our standard impossibly high. Mr. MAXWELL ANDERSON is a playwright with a high repute in America for free-verse dramas with subjects of a correspondingly high seriousness. *The Wingless Victory* is a New England drama, the period 1800, of a sailor who came home with a fortune and a coloured wife. He meets sour-faced objection on all sides, and upon their enforced parting the coloured

wife commits suicide. Our own Mr. David Garnett has given us a prose-romance on the same subject, and he makes it enchanting because he keeps it whimsical. Anything so humorous as whimsicality seems to be beyond Mr. ANDERSON. His is a schoolboy tale, schoolboyishly told so far as theatre-craft goes, but in terms of expression quite fearfully couched in the most pretentious prose-poetry that has reached our incredulous ears for many a long day and night.

A. D.

## Multum in Parvo

"There, in a nutshell, you have one of the keystones of victory."

Glasgow Sunday Post.



## At the Pictures

## DIFFERENT WORLDS

"WHAT a weird film," said a young woman near me after about half a minute of *Heaven Can Wait* (Director: ERNST LUBITSCH)—purely of course on the strength of its picturing of DON AMECHE in the ante-room to, and at the reception-desk of, Hell. Otherwise there is no weirdness in the film at all; only something of the usual bustle-tittering, as it might be called, common to most pictures that include any reference to the quaint Eighties. And, of course, the usual Lubitsch jokes that set off poultry-cackles (about ten seconds late) from the less nimble-witted members of the audience. It is the story of the life of *Henry Van Cleve*, a rich philanderer who married happily, as told by him to the Satanic minion of ambassadorial rank ("Your Excellency") who interviews him after his death. (This may, after all, be Satan in person—I wouldn't know.) In outline the story, naturally episodic, is comparatively mild; there is not very much incident, and no violent incident at all: it is all devoted to building up the idea that *Henry* was a great one for the girls, which alone led him to the resigned conclusion that he could not possibly be a candidate for Heaven. But he seems to have inspired a good deal of affection among his acquaintances, and certainly we never see or hear of his doing anything very serious, from about 1887 onwards. It is a bright piece, plummy with Technicolor and with plenty of good amusing dialogue and "Lubitsch touches" rather more civilized—indeed sentimental—and less sniggery than usual. DON AMECHE has almost unprecedented chances to act, and among the supporting players EUGENE PALLETTE and MARJORIE MAIN are very funny as a Kansas husband and wife in a state of uninterrupted mutual exasperation.

As little more than a photographed play, *The Watch on the Rhine* (Director: HERMAN SHUMLIN) has less value as a film than it might have had if it had been in the first place thought out, written and produced for the cinema. I find it unusual to be approving of a photographed play, after years and years of the sort of play film-producers usually choose to photograph; but *The Watch on the Rhine* was and is an adult play, and with only slight alteration it makes a film worth seeing.

It is well done. PAUL LUKAS as the leader of the German anti-Nazi movement who feels impelled to return to

Germany from America, whither he has taken his American wife and his family for a rest after years of being on the run, gives a deeply felt and genuinely moving performance; and BETTE DAVIS, a bit more subdued than usual, yet shows considerable emotional power as the wife. The children—who have had no childhood, stilted in talk, precociously earnest and politically conscious, are played perhaps a little too much for laughs; indeed what with them and LUCILE WATSON as the brisk American grandmother, the first two-thirds of the picture is constantly punctuated by the audience's amusement, most of which (I should say) is

completely unthinking in that the reason for the children's way of thought and speech is never remembered. . . . But there you are: if you don't like a film to make you think, you may enjoy a good deal of this one without thinking; but I don't offer that as one of my reasons for approving of it. R. M.

"A large number of the Bostock wild animals found their way to Whipsnade Zoo."—*The Star*.

That must have been before the sign-posts were removed.



"I tell ye, as sure as I'm from Dublin, and me name's Patrick O'Malley, old Ireland will stay neutral!"



"Now there we have what is known as nimbus or rain-cloud, but unfortunately not a very good example."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### War Poetry

WHERE are the war poets of to-day? ROBERT NICHOLS opens the question again in his *Anthology of War Poetry 1914-1918* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 6/-). His preface is a discussion between himself and Julian Tennyson, "a member of the generation which stands where thousands of others stood a quarter of a century ago." With sensitivity and insight NICHOLS describes the exalted atmosphere of 1914, the impact of the first sight of the trenches, and the gradual tragic hardening of the soldier's mind from the "romantic valour" of the first battle of the Somme, through the sense of isolation which grew with the appalling losses and the estrangement from "the queer, hectic, oversanguine England" at home, to the stoicism of the final phase. These descriptions stand out from the rest of the preface, which tends otherwise to be disappointing, for Julian Tennyson shares the usual fate of Socratic listeners in being thoroughly talked out of the discussion.

But to repeat, where are the war poets? Who can say with a clear conscience that they can discern the successors of Wilfred Owen and Sassoon? Have the springs of poetry—or rather the emotion that turns death and desperation and exhaustion into poetry—run down between 1914 and 1940? It is true that the volunteer impulse which proved such a noble inspiration had lost not its courage but its elation in 1939 when war was not the "burning moment" of Grenfell and Rupert Brooke but an expectation of twenty years which was not deceived. And it is true also, though not often admitted, that the literary background was kinder to the soldier of 1914—the lyrics of Masfield and Robert Bridges, Housman's *Shropshire Lad* which fitted exactly into a uniform pocket. You could model yourself on them or you could react fiercely away from

them, but they were there in their undeniably English beauty. To-day the young writer emerges to the wars out of a howling wilderness feebly swept with "tendencies" and sparsely inhabited with left-wing schoolmasters. His art is neglected by the public. Whether he knows it or not, his soul is crying out for bread.

One poet who stands out among the rest, squarely on his own feet, is JOHN PUDNEY, whose new collection, *South of Forty* (JOHN LANE, 2/6) has just appeared. It is the third in the series which began with *Dispersal Point* and *Beyond This Disregard*, and which consists mainly of poems in memory and in honour of "Tom, Dick and Harry, plain names and numbers" in the R.A.F. PUDNEY is one of the young authors who have been commissioned by the Air Ministry to put over the Air Force—an experiment which sounds disastrous but has not proved so. There is nothing in this volume which equals his earlier *Missing or Allies*, but there is all the forcefulness, the tenderness for the dead, the simplicity, the true lyric singing quality; there is probably more technical expertness than you could find anywhere in ROBERT NICHOLS' anthology—only nowhere quite their inner spirit.

The chances are, after all, that we have not the evidence to judge the question. Most of the poets of the Great War were unknown till some time after the Armistice. In *Flanders Fields* first appeared tucked away in the left-hand column of *Punch*. Wilfred Owen only became widely recognized through Edmund Blunden's 1921 edition. The conflict may have found a voice which will be heard better in the quiet.

P. M. F.

#### An American View of Russia

*Mother Russia* (COLLINS, 12/6) is the record of a journey through Russia made in 1942 by Mr. MAURICE HINDUS, an American writer who has been studying the Soviet Union at first hand during the last twenty years. Mr. HINDUS writes with fervent enthusiasm of the mechanization of Russia since 1928, what he calls the "torrential inculcation of engine-mindedness in the many-millioned backward peasantry." The Russian of to-day, he says, is lean, muscular, alert, time-minded and clean-shaven; he has espoused the machine age and openly exalts it. His heroic resistance to the German invader, however, so far as one can follow the author's rather confused analysis, derives neither from his passion for machinery nor from devotion to the dialectical materialism of Karl Marx, but from a resurgence of nationalist feeling. The acute class-consciousness of ten years ago has vanished, Alexander Nevsky and other famous heroes of Russian history have displaced Marx as objects of popular worship, the great poets and novelists who flourished under the Tsars are preferred to the ideological writers of the nineteen-twenties, the biological view of love has yielded to the romantic, and the family is once more the unit of social life. All this Mr. HINDUS concedes, but he is not prepared to allow that there is any renaissance of religion. Engels, Marx and Lenin, he points out, were opposed to religion, and he quotes Stalin's agreement with them—"The Party stands for science, whereas religious biases are opposed to science. Every religion is diametrically opposed to science." It is true that a cordial relationship has been established between the Government and the Greek Orthodox Church, but Mr. HINDUS attributes this partly to the Government's desire to conciliate the Orthodox Church in the neighbouring Balkan States, and partly to the Government's recognition that the Church, with its cultural and historical associations, has its place in the nation's revived consciousness of its past.

There is much of incidental interest in the book, especially the author's account of his visit to Yasnaya Polyana, Tolstoy's home, which the Germans occupied for a few weeks in the winter of 1941. The Germans, Mr. HINDUS says, went out of their way to desecrate the great writer's home, but the damage they did seems not to have been irreparable, for Tolstoy's granddaughter has restored the place to something like its former state, and the couch on which Tolstoy and all his children were born is again on view.

H. K.

### Whose Heads Touch Heaven

When one is inclined to feel with Ruskin that mountaineers treat mountains like "soaped poles in a bear-garden," it is refreshing to find a mountaineer who can quote this aspersion, see the point of it and disprove it. *Mountain Jubilee* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 15/-) is an exiled enthusiast's tribute to what he would rightly call the "ascetic" sports. Ski-ing has been praised by another expert as incompatible with "comfort, security and synthetic amusement"; but Mr. ARNOLD LUNN would go further. Ski-ing for fun is a test of courage, an interpreter of youth to youth; but climbing may interpret God to man. A memorable chapter on "Alpine Mysticism" not only incorporates a brave series of other climbers' speculations on first and last things but a generous and challenging allotment of the author's own. All roads in this book lead to the mountains and beyond. They are not *routes nationales*, they ramble to the right places. And, on the way, there is much good company: from a genial portrait of the writer's father to innumerable vignettes of the heroes of Wengen and Mürren, whose names now recall not only the golden age of ski-ing but the still more "ascetic" sports of the Battle of Britain.

H. P. E.

### Modern Advertising

*Voice of Civilisation* (FREDERICK MULLER, 7/6) is a careful inquiry into the uses and abuses of modern advertising. As the title of his book suggests, Mr. DENYS THOMPSON takes a somewhat gloomy view of advertising as a whole, though he believes that the return to a simpler way of life brought about by the war and the social adjustments to be looked for in the post-war period should diminish persuasive advertising, which he regards as generally harmful, and increase informative advertising, which he holds to be legitimate and beneficial. In his second chapter, one of the most interesting in an interesting book, he traces the development of advertising since the Middle Ages. As goods were scarce in the Middle Ages, and what were produced seldom met the demand, there was no need for advertisement. During the sixteenth century trade expanded rapidly, the big cities of the modern world began to appear, and at the opening of the seventeenth century the raising of capital for all kinds of projects was in full swing, a feature of the age satirized by Ben Jonson in *The Devil is an Ass*, a character in which has a project for providing "the whole state with tooth-picks." By the close of the century advertisements with quite a modern ring had become general, a Robert Turner, Gentleman, advertising a "Most excellent and approved Dentifrice to scour and cleanse the Teeth . . . It fastens the Teeth, sweetens the Breath, and preserves the mouth and gums from Cankers and Imposthumes. . . . The reader is desired to beware of counterfeits." By the middle of the eighteenth century a good many advertisers were respecting what Dr. Johnson in one of his "Idlers" called "the prejudice of mankind in favour of modest sincerity," in conformity with which prejudice, he continues, a vendor of a lotion to

repel pimples, wash away freckles, smooth the skin and plump the flesh, had yet, "with a generous abhorrence of ostentation," confessed that it would not restore the bloom of fifteen to a lady of fifty. Although he quotes this passage, Mr. THOMPSON is far from sharing Johnson's good-humoured tolerance of human infirmity. As is usual with meliorists, he manages to combine the view that modern society has "jettisoned the wisdom of experience" with the belief that its improvement depends on its emergence from the "channels formed by the Scriptures, by poets and allegorists, by traditional attitudes, by pagan and Christian religions." But apart from this limitation his book is well worth reading.

H. K.

### A Book of England

Those of us who have always associated Rider Haggard with the reclamation of East Anglia, as well as with *King Solomon's Mines*, will welcome his daughter's first book on the foremost of her late father's interests. We owe *Norfolk Life* (FABER, 8/6) to Mr. HENRY WILLIAMSON, who, when the tilling of his own Norfolk farm made literary work impossible, discovered in Miss LILIAS RIDER HAGGARD the exact interpreter the Norfolk coast needed. He persuaded her to let him edit her diaries, some notes from which had already appeared in the local press. The result is, as he maintains, "a book of England." It celebrates the joy of growing your own food—but the joy is discerning. There is no enthusiasm, for instance, over sugar-beet, with its gangs of disgruntled "hands" from the nearest Labour Exchange. It celebrates the common round and the "characters" who enjoy it. It celebrates the birds, beasts and fishes of their fields and marshes. Its quotations are mostly quaint and recondite—a few lines of Spenser, by the way, are attributed to Chaucer. But its husbandry recipes are both rare and practical; and the result is a book that everyone with the land's destiny at heart or in mind will want to buy and keep.

H. P. E.

### A New Writer

Every now and then comes a writer with an original imagination. Everybody claps, the writer says to himself: "Now I've arrived" and insensibly relaxes, and a new and unnecessary recruit is added to the rather dreary band of men and women who spend their lives writing with proficiency and nothing more. The decline, of course, is seldom noticed by the clappers, but all the same it is a fate from which Miss ELIZABETH MYERS, at least, must be saved. Her novel, *A Well Full of Leaves* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 8/6), is like nobody else's, though it is good enough to show ancestral memories of some very great English writers. It tells of a family of remarkable children whose poverty and whose parents throw them on their own resources. The two with whom the tale is chiefly concerned are Steve and his sister. Steve is beautiful, talented, warped, a little diabolical, and dreadfully dependent on his sister, who struggles through all the traffic of family and daily life first to perfect and then to retain an intense personal life of her own. The novel is not altogether a success, even by commonplace standards. To be brutal, it becomes ridiculous—perhaps Miss MYERS was tiring—at the point when it needed to become sublime, when the girl finds the one other person in the world who is capable of sharing her transcendentalist philosophy. Up to this point, which means for the greater part of the book, Miss MYERS can do nothing wrong. She uses words as if they were new, and she feels and thinks hard. Presently she may do more.

J. S.



## The Night I Hit Something

WHEN we were training Rule of the Road was a ferocious business. The night was full of vessels aground, generally in fairways, and lightships frequently off their stations; while by day sailing vessels charged you on the starboard tack, but with baskets or "shapes" cunningly concealed in their canvas. A single mistake and you were sunk.

It was all so different the night I did hit something. For one thing, I don't suppose you could have seen a light more than half a mile away, and for another, everyone had the best of reasons for not showing any lights at all.

Reactions to the collision were varied. Robert put in one of his most brilliant nightmares as the crash, close by his bunk, woke him up, and then (he maintains) said to himself "Old man trying out depth charges again," and went back to sleep. The Chief Boatswain's Mate, admirable man, under the impression that we were holed and sinking, hurried below, and commandeering the hammocks of unfortunate people on watch, rushed them down into the magazine flat to stop an imaginary inrush of water. One veteran, who happened to be sleeping that night in the wheel-house, was rolled on the deck by the lurch, rushed outside, and seeing the other ship vanishing astern of us, bawled triumphantly "Ah! There you go! Fourteen days' leave!"

He was wrong, however. We got no extra leave out of it. The dockyard were rather bored at having to do nothing more than straighten one plate. So I missed the only chance I ever had of being the most popular officer in the ship.

The others all told me it was court-martial at least, and offered to put me in touch with a cocked hat and sword. Personally the thing that came to me most clearly was "This has wrecked my second stripe." A second stripe, under some whimsical Fleet Order, had long been due to me, but our C.O.—wisely, it seemed—had put off recommending me.

The C.O., I think, was inclined to be huffy at first—not because I'd hit something but because I hadn't called him in time.

Whatever he may have felt, next morning he decided to put in a report on the occurrence. I would have liked to suggest to him that least said was soonest mended—since it was extremely unlikely that the other ship could have spotted who we were—but refrained, because it happened that this particular C.O. had a hobby of writing reports. I must say he was extraordinarily good at it. He knew all the turns of phrase that may be employed in the service to inject gall into an administrative authority and make them lash out and rend their neighbours in the next corridor.

I kept hoping he would lose interest. But no. "Much better get it all in writing, sub. You'll find it pays in the Service." When we got in I was made to go up to the base and get a "Damage by Collision or Grounding" quiz from the secretary's office. This was an awful four-page thing, rather like an income-tax form, but with a sheet of squared paper attached for diagrams.

The C.O. plunged into the questionnaire, and even put off going on leave for twenty-four hours (for which he

blamed me). He kept thinking of improvements in wording, and bringing them up at gin-time, just when I had contrived to numb my memory of that night for a few moments. When he came to "General Description of Events" the literary urge got the better of him, and twice more did I have to go up to the secretary's office and advertise my shame to the Wrens there by getting fresh forms. In the last version the diagram was in three coloured inks. As the situation which confronted the C.O. of H.M.S. *Epergyne II* on that memorable night got grimmer and grimmer I was depressed to see that the Officer of the Watch (me) got greener and greener.

At last it was ready, and the C.O. himself took it up to the base. He came back beaming. "His Lordship is very pleased with our report, sub. He fully appreciates the difficulties of navigating under war conditions, of course."

"Er—did he say anything about me, sir?"

"I explained to him that you hadn't much experience of watch-keeping in these parts. He appreciates the difficulties that must arise from dilution in small ships, of course."

I did my best to feel pleased, but asked "What about the other ship, sir?"

"Nothing's been heard. Nobody's piped up. I expect they realized they were keeping a pretty poor look-out."

Whether that was the explanation, or whether the other ship had better things to do than write reports, or, possibly, had been hit so often that she had ceased to notice, at all events no competitive report on Collision or Grounding reached authority, and the C.O.'s work of art held the field.

Shortly after he returned from leave he said to me "Sub, our report on the collision has been shown to the Admiral. He said it was a model of its kind and lots of nice things."

I expressed my appreciation.

"But what I wanted to say was, did you know that you are overdue for a second stripe?"

I said I believed I was.

"Put in your request," said the C.O., "and I'll send it through before we sail."

Poor Robert, overdue too for a second stripe and one-and-six a day, now scours the ocean in vain for a shape to hit.



"If we overlook the deficit of £350 we see that the club's finances are in a very healthy condition."

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The Navy's half-holiday and time for a little relaxation and a pipe or two, and for pipe smoking there is no better tobacco than **FOUR SQUARE** in one or other of its six blends. In wardrooms and on mess decks its purity appeals to all sailors who like their tobacco as they like their rum, straight and unadulterated—no artificial flavouring about it

**FOUR SQUARE** Cigarettes, 20 for 2/4

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GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

**"VIRGINIAS"**  
**RED SQUARES.** A rich, cool, satisfying Virginia. "Broken flake" of medium cut. Very cool and long-lasting - per oz. 2/11  
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*instantly suggests*

# Good Biscuits

and good biscuits they undoubtedly are, but, for the present, civilian supplies are sadly limited and are only available in certain areas

*All the same, remember the name*

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MAKERS OF GOOD BISCUITS

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*Delicious*



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**OLD ANGUS**  
A NOBLE SCOTCH  
—GENTLE AS A LAMB

Chosen for years by connoisseurs

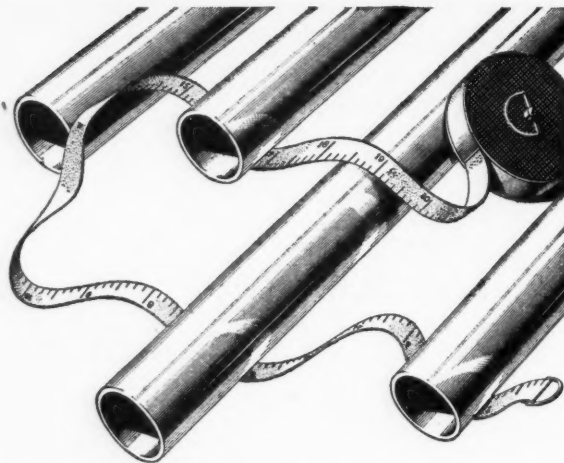
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**RONUK**  
FOR POLISHING FLOORS

Healthy dogs  
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**BOB MARTIN'S**  
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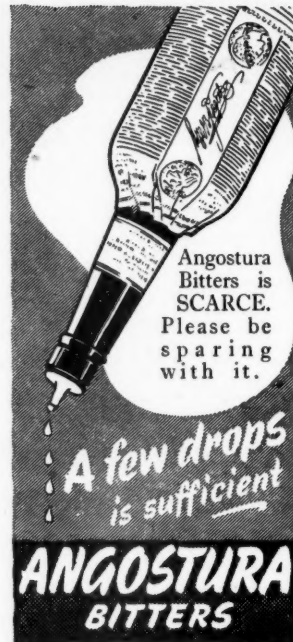
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Fewer toothbrushes are being made, so take care of your present one.  
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**I BELIEVE  
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MURRAY'S MORE  
THAN ME!**



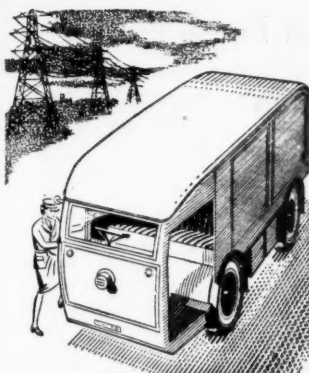
**MEN** who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture won't give it up for love or money! It has a flavour all its own.

Try an ounce of Murray's and see what you've been missing! 2/8d. an ounce.

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The one ton capacity "Electric" is proving ideal for inter-works deliveries. Have you thought about it? "Electrics" use home produced fuel, are cheap to run and maintain, and are easily operated by women or young workers.

## Use ELECTRIC VEHICLES

Details from the Secretary,  
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## RHEUMATISM

Rheumatism—however mild your symptoms—exact a merciless toll in pain and expense if not checked in time. Poisons and impurities in your system are usually the cause of rheumatic disorders. To get rid of these poisons, doctors recommend the drinking of mineral spa waters. But a visit to a spa involves time and expense that many people simply cannot afford these days.

'Alkia' Saltrates may be described as a spa treatment in your own home. It contains the essential curative qualities of seven world-famous springs and has the same beneficial effect on the system at a fraction of the cost and without the inconvenience of travelling to an actual spa. A teaspoonful of 'Alkia' Saltrates in warm water before breakfast each morning soon relieves pain. Taken regularly, this pleasant, effervescent drink dissolves impurities in the blood-stream and greatly assists the kidneys to eliminate them from the system, thus helping to prevent recurring attacks of rheumatism.

A bottle of 'Alkia' Saltrates costs 3/9 (inc. Pur. Tax). Get one from your chemist to-day and begin your spa treatment to-morrow morning.



### SAVE ALL WOODWORK—THIS EASY WAY

Simply brush on Solignum Wood Preserving Stain with an ordinary paint brush—application by dipping or spray gun is just as effective. There is little need to stress the vital importance of protecting wooden Huts, Sheds, Fences and Garden Woodwork these days, but if you use Solignum you are sure of getting a tried Wood Preservative of over 40 years' standing.

But it must be Solignum!



WOOD PRESERVATIVE

SOLIGNUM LTD.

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### NOW AT YOUR SERVICE for Vital War Work

We are glad to be able to announce that Kango Electric Hammers can now be supplied against (A) Priority requirements (only) for really vital war work.

**The KANGO ELECTRIC HAMMER**

has many special War uses, including—

- Work in connection with reinforcing Air Raid Shelters
- Drilling holes in floors for Rawlbolts for installing machinery
- De-scaling furnaces, boilers and tanks
- Ramming fireclay into furnaces
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- We shall be glad to have particulars of your requirements

# KANGO

## ELECTRIC HAMMER



MANSION'S MOTOR CO LTD, MORDEN FACTORY ESTATE, LONDON, SW19

same high quality



and price moderate

War conditions have introduced many new friends to Votrix. And now they wouldn't ask for any other Vermouth. All of which proves that Britain can produce wine that's as good as the best—and a great deal less costly too!

### VOTRIX VERMOUTH

Votrix, produced at the Vine Products Vintnery in Surrey, may often be difficult to get, owing to wartime restrictions, but it is still available. "Dry" bottle size 7/6; "Sweet" bottle size 7/-.

# Filtavent

*Self Contained*

## VENTILATION AND AIR FILTRATION UNITS



This three-filter-unit plant (with stand-by pedal operation) provides perfect ventilation and air filtration for 105 persons, however long the plant may have to be in operation. Similar plants have been installed with success by municipalities, industrial concerns, offices, hotels, flats, etc.

Write to-day for full particulars

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## ARE YOU WEARING YOUR JEWELLERY?

OR is most of it lying locked away—unused—almost forgotten? Why not get a good price for it instead? There's an opportunity to sell it now. Brooches, clip and double-clip brooches, rings, bracelets, badge brooches, etc., are all worth money to-day. Send them, by registered post, to Asprey's for the fairest valuation and the best cash prices.

*Asprey's*

166 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.



## KENT Best British Brushes

The  
KENT-  
COSBY

*"Allure"*  
PERFUME HAIRBRUSH  
*It's Worth Waiting for!*

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 222 REGENT STREET, LONDON W.1.

- PERFUME PAD
- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS

BALKAN SOBRANIE  
CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

## Utility Perfection

When sometimes your tobacconist offers you *Sobranie* instead of *Balkan Sobranie* he is not substituting an imitation for the genuine—he is simply doing his best. And so are we—we are rationing *Balkan Sobranie* in order to make available supplies of the best last as long as possible and offering you our *Sobranie* brands to keep you happy between whiles. *We shall be grateful to hear of a better answer to a problem which is yours as much as ours.*



SOBRANIE LTD LONDON, E.C.1



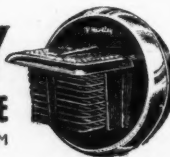
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The motorist whose car is fitted with the HARTLEY Headlamp Mask drives with confidence in the blackout. He is assured of the highest degree of safety and avoids all unnecessary risks to himself and pedestrians.

Obtainable from all good garages and motor accessory dealers.

*The* **HARTLEY**  
HEADLAMP DEVICE

V. & N. HARTLEY, GREENFIELD, Nr. OLDHAM



**PURE Coffee**  
*at its Best!*

Vacuum Packed—Always Fresh

Send 1d. stamp for 'HOW TO MAKE COFFEE' to

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THE  
PREMIER BRAND  
Honey is rationed with all preserves and distribution is accordingly limited. We ask you not to be disappointed if it is difficult to obtain.

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Greenbat experience in the manufacture of these tractors has brought them to a very high standard of efficiency; they are used by many well-known firms in every branch of industry. Greenbat electric tractors are swift, smooth running, silent, free from fumes and fire risk—there is no fuel problem either.

GREENWOOD & BATLEY LTD.  
LEEDS ENGLAND

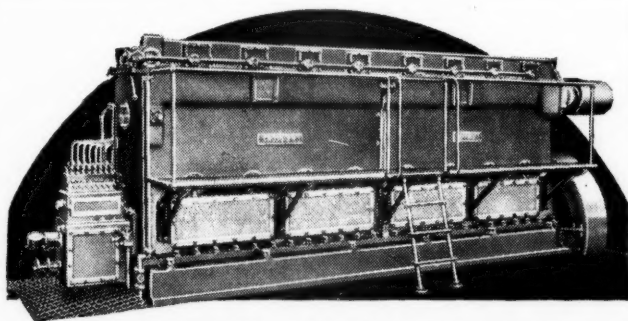
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The Name

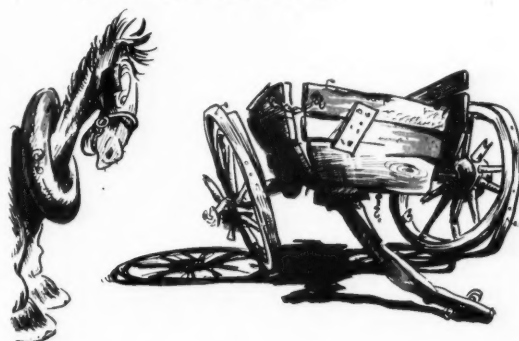
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Also **BLACK AND WHITE**  
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